CONTENTS

JULY, 1924

		PAGE
IN KOSCIUSKO, MISSISSIPPI	*W. L.*	136
FORGOTTEN PAGES, by Stephane Mallarme (translated by Wm. A. Drake)		137
THE GHOST	*Ernest Hubbard*	138
NOTES ON THE THEORY OF BEAUTY	*John McClure*	139
THE SECOND CRUSADE	*Elizabeth J. Coatsworth*	146
FLORIZEL IN LOVE (A Scenario)	*Louis Gilmore*	147
INSCRIPTION	*Marian Nevin Funk*	149
SOLILOQUY IN THE DARK	*Weare Holbrook*	150
THE STONE CUTTER	*Richard Kirk*	150
BEEFBONE BAVIN	*Bernard Gilbert*	151
CRUCIFIXION	*Pierre Loving*	160
PROMISE OF SUMMER	*Edward Sapir*	160
THE WINTER OF HIS DISCONTENT	*John McClure*	161
THOMAS A-MAYING	*John McClure*	161
PSALMS OF THE SEA	*Everett Boston*	162
OLD WOMAN SELLING FRUIT	*Sidney W. Wallach*	163
ECONOMY	*Yone Noguchi*	164
KNIGHTHOOD	*Penelope Russ*	165
LOGOS	*Amos Niven Wilder*	165
REVIEWS—		
ROMAIN ROLLAND	*Irving Gumbel*	166
THE FEET OF SHERWOOD ANDERSON	*N. Bryllion Fagin*	167
JAMES JOYCE, HIS FIRST FORTY YEARS	*Louis Gilmore*	169
THE "GOLDEN BOOK" AGAIN	*Helen Melton*	170
ECCLESIA ANGLICANA	*Cuthbert Wright*	171
TROBAR CLUS	*John McClure*	174
BOOKS RECEIVED		175

Vol. VI No. 36

Copyright, 1923, by *The Double Dealer Publishing Co., Inc.*

In Kosciusko, Mississippi

By W. L.

I haven't any troubles;
You haven't any worries. . . .

In Kosciusko, Mississippi, an old Confederate veteran sells peanuts on the I. C. platform.
He is six feet three gaunt, with more skin on his face and hands than he needs now.
A bronze Maltese Cross dangles from his lapel . . . . he must have been a good soldier, for he sells peanuts like a gentleman.
He walks around—
Basket of peanuts in his arm . . . .
as we wait lazily in the sun for the noon train.
After an occasional sale, he keeps turning the nickel over and over in his hand, as if it were a strange Roman coin he didn't understand, or a nickel from Mars . . . .
He is a puzzled, gaunt six feet three,
(and the nickel he turns over and over in his fingers
isn't quite the same nickel I gave him.)
As the train pulled out for Vicksburg, I caught a last glimpse of him,
walking slowly down the platform,—
turning a nickel....
Up there on the Golden Plateau!
If there is a Palm Room reserved for Confederate Veterans who sell peanuts like gentlemen,
Keep a place for him,—he won't be long coming . . . .
Have an angel ready to tell him what that nickel is about,
For it won't be comfortable up there,—
It won't be sociable on the Golden Plateau,
with a puzzled, old Confederate Veteran
Stooping around,—
basket of peanuts in his arm,
turning a nickel over and over in his blurred gray fingers.

Forgotten Pages

By STEPHANE MALLARMÉ

(Translated by William A. Drake)

1. Autumn.

SINCE Maria has left me to dwell upon another star—which? Orion, Altair, or thou, green Venus?—I have always cherished solitude. How many long days I have passed, alone with my cat. By alone I mean with no material being, for my cat is a mystical companion, a spirit. So I can say that I have passed long days alone with my cat, and alone with one of the last writers of the Latin decadence; for, since that white creature is no more, strangely and singularly, I have loved all that is expressed in the word: *Fall.* Thus, of all the year, my favorite season is the last languid days of summer which come just before the autumn; and, of the day, the hour that I choose for my walk is that in which the sun pauses before its extinction, when the gray walls are strewn with bars of yellow copper and the windows lit with red copper. And so the literature wherein my spirit seeks a sad voluptuousness is the dying poetry of the last moments of Rome, which breathes nothing of the rejuvenating approach of the Barbarians, and does not stammer the infantile Latin of the first Christian prose.

I was reading, then, one of those beloved poems (whose enamels have more charm for me than the roses of youth), plunging my hand into the fur of the pure animal, when a barrel organ began to play a languishing and melancholy song beneath my window. It played in the long avenues of poplars, whose leaves seem sere to me even in the spring, since Maria no longer passes there bearing tapers. Yes, of a truth this is the instrument of the sad: the piano flashes, the violin opens to the light the torn soul, but the barrel-organ, in the twilight of memory, has brought me despairing dreams. Since it murmurs a gay and vulgar melody, such as awakens to merriment the heart of the suburbs, an old-fashioned banal melody, how is it that its cadences reach my soul and make me weep like a romantic ballad? I listen, drinking it in, and do not throw a penny out of the window, for fear of moving from my place and discovering that the instrument does not sing of itself.

2. Winter.

That Saxony clock, which pauses and strikes thirteen hours among its flowers and gods, to whom has it belonged? Dost think the stages of yesterday brought it out of Saxony?

(Singular shadows hang on the tarnished windows.)

And thy Venetian mirror, deep as a cool fountain in its frame of gilt chimeras, what has it reflected? Surely more than one woman has bathed there the sin of her beauty; and it may be, did I look long enough, that I might see a naked ghost.

Wicked one, often thou sayest sinful things!

(I see the spider-webs high above the tall windows.)

Our chest is very old—see how the

fire makes red its sad panels; even as old are the languid curtains, and the tapestry on the armchairs, whose paint has worn away, and the old engravings, and all this furniture is old. Does it not seem to you that time has bereft even these Bengalese bluebirds of their color?

(Think not of the spider-webs that tremble high above the tall windows.)

All this thou lovest, and therefore I can live near thee. O my sister, whose eyes are full of the past, hast not thou desired that in one of my poems I should speak of "the grace of faded things"? New objects displease thee; they frighten thee also with their dissonant boldness, and the necessity comes upon thee to use them—indeed, a difficult feat, when one likes not action.

Come, close thine old German almanac which thou readest so attentively, although it appeared a hundred years and more ago, and the kings whom it proclaims are all dead; and, prone upon this antique carpet, my head resting upon thy charitable knees, o calm child! I will speak to thee for hours; there are no longer fields, and the streets are empty, so I will speak to thee of our furniture.

Thou art abstracted?

(The spider-webs shudder high above the tall windows.)

The Ghost

By ERNEST HUBBARD

I am a ghost, disquiet with things undone;
I that was flesh in music, boned with flame,
And walked the dawn like any solid frame,
Skittering up the stairs of the sun
Bravely as Beethoven; I that could boast
In melody and measure, now am mute,
Shrouded and sheeted in a three-piece suit;
A restless, furtive, dim-remembering ghost.

Perhaps 'twas you that saw me yesterday
Lifting my cowl and looking long at men,
Thinking that I had found a tongue again;
I started, guilty, when you looked my way;
Obediently I took your offered hand
And yammered words that you could understand.

Notes on the Theory of Beauty

By JOHN McCLURE

THE mind abhors infinity, the conception of which is absurd and involves acceptance of the absolute existence of the most relative of our perceptions, time and space. Those human conceptions which, by a queer inversion of terminology, are termed "Infinite," such as God, are actually the most finite, complete and absolute ideas conceivable. They differ diametrically from the proper night-marish emblems of infinity: unending series in number or unending extension in space. Time and space are self-contradictory, and the circumflection of the latter is said to be demonstrable.

The conceptions of time and space, which involve the superstition of infinity, are incomprehensible to the mind, except as immediate finite images or sensations. Not that we generally argue with ourselves about the matter. We are subconsciously dissatisfied with the arrangement of existence as we perceive it, and only occasionally do we examine the problem. When we do, we realize that existence involving the incomprehensible is a farce or a fable. As long as the mind is befuddled, consciously or unconsciously, by an appearance of variety or infinity, it is restless.

But, as Mr. Santayana pointed out, thirty years ago, while we behold beauty "existence requires no apology." When we perceive a truly beautiful thing, the fantastic doubts bred by our dubious rational faculty vanish: we accept existence and find it good.

Now the mind accepts beauty because beautiful things are final and complete. The mind, which recoils from the idea of infinity, has a natural impetus toward the idea of unity, (finitude) and a natural affinity for that conception. This natural affinity may be purely sensuous, a form of physical reaction, or it may transcend all physical appearances. That question does not concern us here. The affinity, demonstrable by experience, exists.

Beauty is that which fulfills the mind's aspiration toward unity, finality, completeness. Any combination or arrangement of ideas or sensuous elements may be termed beautiful, if they are, or if they seem to be, merged in a complete unified whole; (1) A complete harmony, proportion or balance; (2) A perfectly consummated sequence or gradation; (3) A complete representation (perfect verisimilitude) or coincidence.

The human mind's perception of beauty, of course, need have no connection with absolute truth, which is something we know nothing about. The unity or harmony perceived by an individual in sensations or ideas need have no connection with absolute unity and harmony. A scarecrow is terrible if we think of it as a spectre. Beauty is perceived in nonsense, in the most absurd appearances and the most absurd

sequences of ideas. An absolute discord may seem to an untrained eye or ear to be a consummate harmony. That is beautiful to us which seems to us to be beautiful. The polite, who poke fun at the vulgar, would be very hardy if they asserted that the loveliest creations of man have attained absolute harmony—or that they are, factually, any more than crude symbols of such harmony. The polite ideal changes from generation to generation: the vulgar ideal is less fickle, but neither can be viewed as absolute. It is certain that by education and refinement the taste can be guided upward toward a supreme human peak of appreciation, a more delicate ideal. But that ideal will be a human ideal, and the creatures in the moon, with perfect right, would disagree with us.

In examining the human conception of beauty, we can assert with safety only this: We recognize beauty where we perceive unity or completeness in an object or idea, or when we recognize a unifying principle in an arrangement of objects, sensations, ideas or events.

The immemorial symbol of unity is a snake with its tail in its mouth,—which is a pleasant way of referring to the circle.

Time is a dimension, and a circle, a curve or a balanced design can be inscribed upon it as well as upon space by using a sequence of sounds or ideas instead of a sequence of points. Circles are drawn in time by rhythm or recurrence. In other words, unity can be symbolized in time, and coherence and completeness can be attained in music, poetry and ideational creations as well as in sculpture or painting.

Events in succssion are beautiful if the one is a natural fulfillment of the other, complementary to it, and united with it in a circle of cause and effect. The compensatory system of nature is beautiful; all natural laws work beautifully. In literature a plot, devoid of all embellishment, may be supremely beautiful as may those dramatic events in actual life which are vulgarly called instances of "poetic justice." The events are bound together by a unifying principle into a whole—a complete conception of which they are parts and in which they merge.

The solution of any problem—the breaking down of puzzling appearances into a sudden simplicity, resulting in comprehension of the problem as a unified whole (as in the solution of an ordinary quadratic equation or a demonstration of Boyle's law) produces an aesthetic effect. The sudden perception of the unifying principle in mathematics, physics or chemistry or in a perfect example of strategy in chess or war, is a revelation of beauty quite like the perception of the unifying principle in a pictorial composition, or in a figure of speech, or in the harmony of poetry or music which binds sounds into completeness of form.

A work of art in mere sound, color or form is beautiful if there is unity in its construction, if its parts in their proportion and harmony answer the demand of the mind for completeness. The proportion and harmony need not be inherent in the work of art, to be sure, as they may exist either within the limits of the work or in the relationship of the work to its physical surroundings or in its relationship to imaginary complementary elements.

(Contrariwise, a work of art which has excellent harmony and proportion within itself will not seem beatiful if there is discord in its relationship with its surroundings. This discord can exist in the mind of the observer as well as in the external world. We refuse to accept beautiful things if they are not appropriate, if they appear in a practically or ideally incongruous connection —a fragile and ornate sledge hammer, say, or stilted conversation). This same work of art will be more beatiful if the sensuous form is used as a symbol to present to the mind a beautiful intellectual conception. It is in that case a synthesis and contains, in the same compass, twice as much beauty as before. Similarly a work of art will be more beautiful, if, instead of being a symbol of an ideational concept (a "Last Judgment" or a "Laocoon"), it is a representation of an object or idea which attains verisimilitude, for verisimilitude is an aspect of intellectual beauty. Thus there is no question that a portrait which is merely a perfect color harmony or structural design in which the subject is utilized simply as a physical ingredient is inferior to a portrait which is not only a perfect color harmony or structural design, but also a "living likeness." In this case, too, we have a synthesis—the charm of form and the charm of verisimilitude.

Also, a work of art which inherently lacks proportion, harmony and unity, can still be beautiful if it seems to us a perfect representation of anything whatsoever: It has then, not a sensuous beauty, but a purely ideational beauty and is a form of literature.

The conception of verisimilitude (of true representation, duplication) is essentially a conception of unity and finality; the recognition of a merger. One says of the object and its image: "These two are the same." It is a startling realization that "this" is "that." Verisimilitude is coincidence, and we accept it as beautiful. To obtain it one must co-ordinate parts into a unified whole, which will be the replica of the object to be imaged. The replica and the object merge; they are beheld as two facets of the same thing. The effect is one of completeness. Mimicry, therefore, is a form of art, and a perfect imitation (even a man's imitation of a monkey) gives an aesthetic effect. Representation is a noble form of art. (The camera does not represent in the way that art represents, because for man it does not attain verisimilitude. Verisimilitude presupposes the reproduction, not merely of the dimensions of objects, but of the intellectual or emotional aura which surrounds objects viewed by man. The purpose of representative art is to create a veracious replica of that which the artist perceives. A camera's representation of objects would have verisimilitude for another camera, if it could reason; but not for a man).

Now what seems to us to be true in the world of ideas, seems also to be beautiful. We encounter here the beauty of verisimilitude in another aspect. If a concept seems to us to be an emblem of "Truth" (which is a label we attach to all that we personally believe to be true and eternal), it produces an aesthetic effect. We respond with delight, with aesthetic satisfaction, to a replica of our ideals (however ab-

solutely absurd these ideals may be). Nobody pretends or needs to pretend that the "true-and-beautiful" has any connection with absolute reality, of which we know nothing. A conception is lovely if it coincides with our own. In this category of beauty there are as many varieties as there are human mentalities to perceive them. What is supremely "true-and-beautiful" to a Mohammedan will not be so to a Baptist, and no arbiter can reconcile them.

Nevertheless, the effect of "Truth" is aesthetic. And in many conceptions of truth, in which there is completeness of expression, a definite aesthetic principle can be observed. Thus the conception of hell is awful and beautiful to a Methodist, because for him it is a representation of one aspect of eternal Truth, and *also*, because it represents the complementary arc to the conception of sin, making a lovely completed sequence of cause and effect, beautiful as a circle. A conception, in most men's minds to be termed "true" needs to reflect however absurdly, this compensatory principle in nature, the law of coherence manifest in cause and effect. A simple assertion, however accurate, that two objects are twelve feet apart does not strike anyone as being "true-and-beautiful." An assertion like "Blessed are the poor in spirit," becomes true and beautiful only when the completing conception is added, "for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." This, forged into an appropriate unity, becomes beautiful even if we do not believe it. It partakes of all men's conception of what is true at least to the extent that it is an exemplification of the principle of cause and effect, and the conception of cause and effect is beautiful because it is a welding of two ideas into a unified whole.

Without regard to absolute or relative Truth, there is beauty in any arrangement of ideas, in which the mind detects a unifying principle, in which there is an effect of completeness, coincidence, finality or consummation. Thus there is absurd beauty in all mad syllogisms, and even in mad sequences if they seem appropriately consummated, as

> "I put my hat upon my head
> And walked into the Strand
> And there I met another man
> Whose hat was in his hand."

(Dr. Johnson, to whom we owe this pleasant foolery, was too sentimental to admit that the absurd can be beautiful, or that this stanza is poetry; but sentimentalism cannot be tolerated in the interpretation of beauty in any of its aspects save one: verisimilitude. In the field of verisimilitude, we must accept everything, and none can question another's ideal: Sentimentality is beautiful to the sentimental. Dr. Johnson was within his rights in advancing this stanza as an example of what to him was neither beautiful nor poetical. Yet it is much better poetry than most of his verse).

There is an absurd beauty in appropriate puns.

All "appropriate things" (an appropriate death, an appropriate remark, an appropriate event of any sort) strike us as beautiful because they are complementary elements which provide the finishing touch necessary to complete a situation or consummate a sequence of ideas or events. Thus there is beauty in the conception of consigning a seaman's body to the sea (but not a lands-

man's) ; and there is beauty in the conception of a sea-captain going down with his ship, but none in the drowning of a fur-merchant who happened to be a passenger. A death or downfall which is viewed as an example of retribution or compensation ("Poetic justice") is likewise "appropriate" and partakes of beauty because it completes a sequence or perfects a balance of ideas.

A perfect specimen of repartee, absolutely adequate to the given situation, is beautiful as is an appropriate act of any sort, which seems a perfect consummation of a sequence of events or of a situation, or which seems natural and inevitable because predetermined by the character of the person who acts. Thus there is beauty in the retort of Brutus to the spectre, ("'I am thine evil genius; thou shalt see me at Philippi.' Brutus replied undauntedly: 'I will meet thee there' "). And there is beauty in the cry of the madcap girl revolutionary in "Les Dieux ont Soif,": "Vive le roi!" And in Falstaff's "Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound." There is foolish beauty in the situation in Tennessee, wherein a negro, sentenced to prison for vagrancy, asked and was granted permission to sing in court "The Jail-House Blues," which he did very feelingly. And there is beauty in the action of M. Gounaris' companion, who polished his monocle in front of the firing squad.

The conception of beauty as unity or an emblem of unity is manifest in figures of speech. In imagery, ideas are combined or aligned either to produce one conception by a merger of several or to reproduce that which is imaged in perfect versimilitude, or to produce the complementary conception necessary to complete an ideational sequence or balance. A figure of speech generally represents a merger of the object with the image—the image, a replica or perhaps only another aspect of the thing imaged, becomes in conjunction with it one conception, intensified, unified and complete. Figures of speech are beautiful as they approach an effect of adequacy and completeness. A "vague" or "evocative" figure is beautiful only if the mind completes it, as it completes unfinished lines in drawing.

In art the complete machinery of unification need not be physically manifest. Beauty is perceived by the intellect, not by the senses. A suggestion which guides the mind to a predetermined conclusion may be as beautiful as a finished production. An unfinished strain of music or an unfinished line in drawing, or a vague contour, or an incomplete figure of speech may lead the mind toward a consummation not visibly expressed. Such works of art are beautiful if the mind completes them. Technically, they are more difficult than others to produce and are often more highly prized. In those works in which much is left to the observer's imagination, however, the artist must and does predetermine the direction to be taken by the imagination, and the goal. Human minds similar to his own round out the sphere from the segment. The beauty of a complete work and of an apparently vague suggestion are alike dependent upon the effect of harmony and unity created in the mind.

We come here to the problem of beauty in mystery. Now mystery which produces the effect of beauty differs

sharply from enigma or puzzle. A puzzle, flatly incomprehensible, is not charming in itself, but, so long as it baffles us, is irritating. A puzzle or a problem in mathematics becomes beautiful only at the moment of solution, when it breaks down into simplicity, and we see it in completeness and unity. Yet mystery, in a certain sense which all men recognize, partakes of beauty, and of supreme beauty. This aesthetic mystery does not disturb the mind like a puzzle, but on the contrary delights it like a harmony. The mystery in Leonardo and Rembrandt and Blake and in much great poetry and music is not an enigmatic, but rather an apocalyptic quality.

And it seems to me that the beauty in mystery arises from the fact that the symbolizing of mystery is, in a way of speaking, quite like the drawing of an unfinished line; the symbol is completed in the mind of the observer as it was completed in the mind of the artist, producing an effect of harmony and unity—an effect, however, which is inexpressible in words, because the conception transcends the physical symbols by which we communicate ideas to each other and define them for ourselves (our speech is as inadequate as our visual and auditory equipment: the latter miss many vibrations which, nevertheless exist as truly as those we perceive). Mystery in art is thus, perhaps, a segment of an ineffable sphere, a link in an ineffable sequence, more to be prized than any other element in aesthetics.

The perception of beauty is intuitional as opposed to rational, but it is intellectual as distinguished from sensuous. Aesthetic satisfaction differs from the pleasure of sense. It is a transcendental process which occurs in the mind; an intellectual precipitation, not a sensory reaction. A flat color, a single taste or smell, a solitary sound or tactile sensation is not beautiful unless (1) it is so overpowering in effect that all else is forgotten and the individual loses himself in the sensation, attaining a conscious union, or (2) the individual recognizes a minor harmony obtaining between his sensory apparatus and the color or sound, or (3) the sensation is perceived as a symbol completing or determining a sequence or balance of ideas, or as an image-symbol affecting the memory and calling up the past in striking verisimilitude. Most of us receive an aesthetic effect from sensations which recall incidents in past experience in a complete and sudden apparition—especially odors or sounds reminiscent of our youth. But generally bald or solitary sensations, though they are pleasing, are not beautiful. There must be in the conception of beauty, a mental recognition of harmony, unity, completeness, consummation, or finality (all of which mean the same thing), and we must generally have a series or group of sensations in order to detect a unifying principle.

Natural objects, which lack proportion, balance or consummated gradation (completed sequence in contour or color) are not beautiful except to individuals for whom they are a fetish or for whom they serve as symbols. All objects of desire are symbols, representing a consummation of a sequence or balance of ideas. An ugly woman seems lovely to a sailor and a vivacious

one seems beautiful even to a philosopher. Indeed, a beautiful woman is to the average man, the most beautiful object in the world. Fishermen see beauty in fish. Ambitious jurists see beauty in wigs. And this is as it must be. Perverted minds, as is very well known, see beauty in the most absurd fetishes.

This brings us to the impression of beauty arising from recognition of types. A really beautiful woman, or beautiful man, or beautiful horse, seems beautiful (aside from the symmetry of the body) because these represent the perfect types of their forms of life. This is a beauty of verisimilitude. The mind responds with delight to a replica of its ideal. And we have ideals of all the forms which are closely woven into our experience—subconsciously we are prepared to recognize the perfect nose, the perfect ankle, the perfect brow in man. That we generally differ with each other about the ideal nose or haunch is immaterial.

The beauty of verisimilitude is present in precision in literature. We take aesthetic delight in all perfect representations or embodiments of ideas as well as of sensuous forms. If a writer's conception is incarnated in appropriate, precise and adequate diction so that we feel instinctively that the expression is an exact replica, a "living likeness" of the idea in the writer's mind, we experience an aesthetic satisfaction. A limpid style, however lacking in ornament, is a beautiful style. It does not matter whether we accept the ideas expressed as true or reject them as false. If we detect a precision of language which merges expression and idea we acclaim that verisimilitude as beautiful.

To return from literature to nature:

Any spectacle of whatever sort which overwhelms the individual, making him sensible of a complete harmony in which his identity is submerged, creates an aesthetic effect. I refer to the effect of the night sky or the sea when one is in an expansive mood, or of great natural disturbances — hurricanes and thunderstorms, or the effect of watching a disaster such as the falling of a tower or a collision of trains. These last are terrible and by no means beautiful to an individual involved in the crash, but they are beautiful to the onlooker if he is sufficiently impressed to share, as imaginative persons do share, in the slow sweep of the inevitable motion and the dreadful consummation of the impact. If he becomes a vibration in that affair, a part of it, as poets and artists do, it is for him beautiful with terrible beauty. Any conscious merger of the personality with a sensation is beautiful in effect. The conscious element in the perception of beauty, however, must be kept in mind. An unconscious merger is not beautiful any more than an unrecognized sensuous harmony. Beauty is an intellectual conception. A man who is thunderstruck into a hypnosis sees no beauty in the sublime or the terrible, unless in retrospect, and likewise a man who is hypnotized by a pleasing color, sound, odor or touch perceives no beauty. In such cases we simply cease to exist, as in dreamless sleep. Beauty can be perceived only by the mind. Beauty, like Blake's tear, is an intellectual thing.

The student of aesthetics sees no difficulty in the fact that a given object or conception will seem beautiful to one in-

dividual and not to another. The human mind, varied in each individual by his own associations and memories, responds to that which answers its own obscure conception of harmony and unity, its own ideal of what is "true," appropriate, final and complete. As Mr. Chesterton has pointed out, the charwoman finds in the penny dreadful what the bluestocking finds in the most polite and elevated tragedy. The vulgar find in dirty verse and music-hall ballads what the educated find in classic hexameters or concert programs and opera. The negro field-hand gets from a banjo what Beethoven got from a piano. The principle which is manifest in these appreciations is the same. We can, of course, maintain that, through refinement and education, all men can be guided toward a more delicate taste. To admit that there is beauty for the vulgar in a chromo is not to say that a chromo is as beautiful as a painting by Michelangelo. It is merely to say that the beauty of the latter also is relative.

The Second Crusade

By ELIZABETH J. COATSWORTH

Louis is heading the crusade from the loftiest of motives,
No one could look at him for a moment and doubt it.
He prays, he fasts, he gives alms, he performs penance,
I swear his war-horse has caught the fever and bows every time a priest says amen!
Louis is a dedicated spirit with the mildness of a nun, and the courage of a fanatic.
He was well trained by his mother. His blue eyes have seen visions—
But Eleanor of Aquitaine, leading her court-ladies dressed as Amazons,
Is here in the Holy Land from a most unconsecrated, unhallowed, unsanctified, itching love of adventure.
She and her squadron are everywhere, interfering with everything, suggesting a thousand unfeasible plans,
Scurrying on horse-back over the country when it is most dangerous,
Reclining on silk-spread couches in their pavilions when the army should be marching,
Discussing the beauties of the men of Constantinople while the rear-guard is being attacked—
If ever crusading can be a mirthful and mad business
It is with Eleanor and her court-lady Amazons.
Across all bare and bitter Palestine
Their forces sweep in a comedy of mortality,
She playing an extravaganza of the flesh,
Beside Louis' extravaganza of the spirit.

Florizel In Love

(A Scenario)

By LOUIS GILMORE

The day ends
Like any other
Apparently
Night lulls
The inferior antic
The cage sleeps
Except Florizel

Florizel wakes
He loves
She is not of the cage

What a cage
He is weary of it
Is there no way out
If only the god at feeding time
Should forget to padlock

A paw reaches through the wire
The padlock is not there

Thou hast only to give a push Florizel

The door opens
But not wide

Fling thyself against it

It swings wide open

Florizel hesitates
Glances about
And pulls the door shut again

At this moment
The moon
Rises above a cocoanut
The tree in which he has seen her playing
Where her nest is surely

She who is sweeter than any nut
And extraordinarily mauve

Bursting open the door he jumps

Runs
Trips
Rises
Runs on
Bumps into a tree
Which is not a cocoanut

At last he finds it
And there is a nest too
It is her nest at the top

Already he has drawn her to him
With his arms and tail

Then he clasps the foot of the tree
Clambers up to the nest

A ray of the moon lights it
Two are in it
Asleep
Tail in tail

Poor Florizel
It is she
She loves another
She is perhaps married
Thou wast happier in thy cage

Yet how beautiful she is

Listen
I love thee
We will yet be happy together
And he approaches his face for a kiss

It jerks back with a scream
She has bitten his ear

Nevertheless
She loves thee a little Florizel
She bites thee on the ear

He holds on with one paw
And feels for his ear with the other

Meanwhile
The companion of her nest
Rouses
Picking a cocoanut
He deals it from above his head

Florizel relaxes
Drops

Midway
He grasps at a twig

Wakes
In his corner
Scratching himself

It is already light
The cage stirs

That door
It was never open

Inscription

By MARIAN NEVIN FUNK

Now light shall flower
In her hair only
White in the luminous dark
Flower of her hair:

For her lover's drouth
The petaled cool
Dust of her mouth

Soliloquy in the Dark

By WEARE HOLBROOK

WHEN I went blind, the O'Flahertie swanking it in Pall Mall, so as far as I'm concerned he is still swanking it, and the blue-and-white china is as far away as ever.

Varlaine, Rimbaud, Johnson, Dowson.... ah, those boys! White-heads for the Blessed Damozel. And they mussed up the gilded horse-hair in the pre-Raphaelite parlor. Has it ever been the same since?—but don't tell me.

I, too, have sought the holy grail and found a hotel cuspidor. I, too, have scribbled adjectives and flaunted secret sins.

Perhaps those boys were right in their wrongness. But they never knew Serena Voss. Serena was a milliner. Her needle-scarred fingers held all the stories ever written about pathetic little Parisian sewing-girls.

I twisted my soul in two for Serena. When she went away, my eyes went with her, and now when I walk, I dance. It amuses the children in the street, but I never hear any grown-ups laughing.

People are kind to me,—too kind. But they don't give me any decent books in Braille. I wore my fingertips raw on the Tale of Two Cities. Bah! "Roses, roses riotously with the throng ...." How would the little warts tell it?

Listen! Tonight I am going down to the banks of the river Nile; I don't say simply the Nile, but the river Nile, for those words are golden bells ringing in oil. To the banks of the river Nile, then, I will steal like a moon-eyed maiden bound for the hollow oak.

I will kneel on the warm black flesh of the river Nile.

I will read: *Come to me at once, my love, O my love! I can wait no longer. Cleopatra.*

With these fingers I will read it, on the quivering back of a crocodile.

The Stone Cutter

By RICHARD KIRK

We are like this dust that falls away
Beneath your chisel as you cut the stone:
Little by little stands the name alone,
Above the dust that mingles with the clay.

Beefbone Bavin

(6 P. M. to 11 P. M.)

By BERNARD GILBERT

. . . the lad could talk of nothing but some girl dancing at the Fair. I told him if he went with me, I would take him to the place where she would be found, sooner or later, and he came, willingly enough. When I asked what his parents would say, he replied that he wasn't ever going back to Ashby. He had borrowed some money and told them that he was spending Christmas with a friend at Thorpe Tilney; but he was going off with the shows to Barkston, after Boxing Day. Both his parents were lecturing, he said, and wouldn't be likely to come to the Fair. I told him he was foolish to follow a show-girl who would take all his money and laugh at him; but he said he didn't care if he could have her first; and then he should enlist and see life.

The evening was turning cold as we went down the steps by the Town Bridge on to Waterside, past the back of Willetts shop. I was thinking of a sermon I used to preach in the old chapel at Bunkers Hill before misfortune overtook me, and wondering how I could turn the lad's footsteps from destruction, but before I could frame it properly, we had passed Mother Gunters and turned into the alley that leads into the back door of the Black Goats.

"You must pay your footing here," I told him. "Order drinks all around, once, and then you will be free of the house."

We found Fred Barley, Blind Bill, Soldier John, Tommy Pell, Art Nightingale, and a tramp I didn't know, who had lost two or three front teeth and could spit through the hole, and in the corner, fat Fullerton Ash, fast asleep. Jim Botts didn't know how he'd got there. I'd seen him coming out of the bank, just before closing time, so knew he'd taken care his cash was safe.

I had hardly drunk off before the very man I didn't want to see—Big Bill Nicholson—came in with Beefbone Bavin, that everybody was talking about, and walked straight up to me. "Hullo, Nat Renty," he said. "What ho! my bloody Methody parson, my horse-stealer! Have you spent your last borrowings, that you've cottoned on to a school-kid?"

I turned away, but he was never one to be denied, and ordered two drinks from Botts. I could scarcely refuse the hulking brute, though had it been dark, I could willingly have stuck him like a pig, remembering how him and the other jailbird, Tyler, had conspired to rob me of my beautiful horses; but at that, Beefbone swore nobody was going to pay for drinks, that night, where he was; and mind that!

We all knew about his great fortune, except the lad, who stared at Bavin as if he was something out of a cage. What with his curly whiskers, his bass voice, and his way of turning round on you very sudden, like a boar, he *was* a sight!

I pulled at the lad's jacket, to slip out, but it was too late, for Bavin spotted

us, and coming round the corner of the counter, pushed me aside, and taking Hamish by the arm, said: "Come with me, child, and you shall have anything you want."

I would have interfered, but the bully Nicholson hit me in the stomach with his elbow and warned me to keep away. "Beefbone isn't tight," he said; "but his fortune's gone to his head, and you'd best be careful."

When I had recovered my breath, it was too late, for Bavin had the boy by his side and was giving him money, a shilling at a time. He was paying for all the drinks that anybody wanted; and seeing how the land lay I did my best and waited my chance. He was boasting how he had spent a lot of his money. 'I made the lawyer's chap come to the Bank with me and took the lot in brand-new notes, and the bloody little clerks started like stuck pigs to see me with a fist full. The (———) manager came and had a look. I offered the (——) of a clerk a drink for his trouble but he had no guts, and ran away. Uncle Bellamy left me all there was of his Australian cash and said I was to spend it quick and get the best out of it; and I'm going to spend every bloody (———) copper before midnight. After that, I know where there's some more of the same colour. So drink up, you (———).'

I saw, at once, there was no hope of getting the lad out of his clutches for that evening, and determined to keep close in case any harm came. Whilst Bavin was paying for the drinks and flourishing a great bundle of banknotes, to the number of a hundred, or more, I took the chance to whisper in the boy's ear, not to lose sight of me, and lend me a little money to keep me going. Before he could do so, Nicholson pushed me rudely away and said I'd best be careful. He shouldn't warn me again, but if I interfered, I should have no share in all the good things that were to come. So I swallowed my resentment and emptied the nearest glass.

After my troubles over the winding-up of the old farm, this same Nicholson, fearing I would tell what I knew about the affair of my horses and the bailiff's man, came to me one evening and seizing me by the throat, swore that if I said a word, he would twist my neck off like a chicken's. I was unable to turn my head for nearly a fortnight, so roughly did he hold me. He had received the same share as I did, from those four horses, which was most unfair; but I could prove nothing, and should have got no profit out of my revenge, even if I kept myself out of it, which would not be easy. So I said nothing but trusted in Providence to bring him low.

I asked him how much money Bavin had had, and was it really five thousand pounds, as everyone was saying. 'Nothing like that,' said he, 'or Beefbone, would have put it safe away in house-property; but it's enough to have the best bloody evening that's ever been seen in this (———) mud-pie.'

I asked no more questions. Bavin kept urging us to do our best, at which we were not slow; so that Jim Botts and his lad seemed to have six pair of hands apiece. All the time Beefbone kept tight hold of the lad's arm as if

afraid he might come to me, and now and again, would count more shillings into his hand; but he wouldn't let him have a drop of drink, for which I was thankful; feeling that I was a father to the child now he had run away from home. How Bavin carried such a store of silver, I cannot tell; nor where the boy hid what he got: look as I would.

As for Beefbone, he never once stopped talking, and just then whilst considering what I should have next, I heard him telling Hamish about Julius Morgan's dance. 'Poaching Billy of Holt was working by there and told me he stood on a water-butt and saw it all through the end window. I couldn't help laughing, says Billy, to see that bloody old (—) stripped stark and tied to the chair by them gels, while they all danced round him, as bare as bublins; and a sight it was for sore eyes! Every now and again, Morgan would very near jerk hisself loose. The sweat poured off him like a flood, and sometimes he shut his eyes and sometimes he opened 'em; but all the time them gels danced savager, coming near enough to Morgan to touch him with their toes as they passed, and Billy says he'd have burst all his blood vessels at one go if just then a door hadn't banged, and they all flew back to bed, leaving Julius in the middle of the floor with his red whiskers, just as he was born, for Miss Berners to fill her eye with. When she stepped inside, Julius chucked hisself forrard and flopped on his face on the floor, with the armchair on top of him, and then—' At that moment, to my great annoyance, Jim Botts interrupted to say we must all clear out because we was kicking too much noise up and he didn't want any trouble with the police especially this evening, so drinking up quick and feeling sorry we'd wasted time, we had two more apiece, all round, to keep the cold out, and went on to the Waterside feeling a good deal better. Beefbone went first, still holding the boy by the arm, and he, poor lad, dare not look back; but no doubt knew that I was following close behind, determined not to leave him. We all went: Fred Barley, Tommy Pell, Soldier John, Art Nightingale, Nicholson, Blind Bill with his terrier and fiddle, and the tramp who could spit harder than I ever saw anybody. Fullerton Ash never stirred, and Jim Botts said he could sleep his jag off in the outhouse, so we left him with his legs curled up, holding so tight on to his parcel that I couldn't even see what was inside.

There was a great crowd pressing down to the Fair, but Beefbone and Big Bill, with the boy between them, pushed straight through. When we came to the level-crossing, I was caught by a goods-train, and left behind, hurrying across as soon as possible, however, I worked my way after them, and thanks to their having stopped at the Italian's stall I overtook them by the Pied Calf.

They had left Blind Bill raking coppers by the chestnut stall with orders not to stir till they came back, and Soldier John had stopped with Bill and was forming fours with his stick.

The Fairgrounds was packed as tight as sardines, and only by keeping close to Nicholson was I able to make any headway. I just scrambled onto

the horses with Fred Barley as they started. When they stopped, Beefbone shouted to Morgan that he would pay for the next two rounds for everybody that wanted a ride, and there was a rush for seats, so that many of the horses had two and three passesngers, until Morgan and his foreman, Lovell, came round and forced some away. The horse beside me had auctioneer White's son, and sitting astride him, on his lap, was Henry Dodsworth's young daughter—a respectable publican who would have grieved to see so disgusting a spectacle; for each time the horses jerked, she threw herself back on the young man in a most suggestive way; invisible to anyone but me....

By the mercy of Providence they were just stopping, and seeing that the little strumpet—for such she was, beyond doubt—was egging the youth on to do me mischief, I slipped to the ground, meaning to get on again in front of Beefbone; but owing to the press of the crowd for free rides, I had to stand on the platform holding on to Bill's horse's mane. At this point, Beefbone asked Morgan to run the horses faster, and when Julius wisely refused, threatened to stop anyone getting on and the showmen gathered behind Morgan, and I feared there would be trouble, for many of the crowd, anxious to share in Bavin's wealth, that everyone knew of, were cheering him on; when, suddenly, all the lights went out and there rose a cry of 'Zepps!'

Everyone rushed madly away, and when we came to the gateway into the Lane by Towser Campbell's, if it hadn't been for my keeping tight hold of the others, I should have been trampled on, as several women were. The chestnut-stall was upset but I couldn't pause to pick up a bag, although I am very fond of roast nuts. Fortunately the gates at the level-crossing were not shut or many must have been crushed to death; but after we had got over, part of the crowd branched off into Liquorpond Street, so that by the time we came to Mother Gunters, where Beefbone had his lodging, we were able to slip in easily.

We found, inside, Blind Bill and Soldier John and Fred Barley and the tramp—who had brought another with him— gathered round the fire, but it was not until later that Pell and Nightingale and two chaps from the Wagon Works came up; and by that time we were ready for something to eat. Mother Gunter, ordered by Beefbone, had laid in a great store of provisions, and spread out on the table in the long back-room, was such a mass of tins, boxes, bottles and bags, as man never before set eyes on. 'Fall to, my boys,' said Bavin, 'and fill yourselves; for you'll get no more liquor except what's in the stone bottles under the table.'

At that, following my example, they walked up to the trestle and helped themselves to anything they fancied. We were all a bit out of breath at first and it wasn't for some time we were able to settle steadily to that great job. Fred Barley would have it there hadn't been no Zepp at all because the buzzer from the Works hadn't never sounded and Pell said the lights were turned out because it was half-past six; but nobody knew the truth; and it was my opinion that Morgan turned them off and raised the cry of Zepps himself in

order to avoid a row with the crowd, or trouble with the police.

'I'm stopping here for the night,' said Beefbone, taking a drink from one of the stone bottles,' and so is my lad here, that I've adopted, but you (——) (——) had better hurry up and fill your bellies because you'll be turned out by Mother Gunter very soon. There's enough for all, and any more that chance to drop in. So get on with the work.'

Fearing the provisions might not last out the night, I went round with all speed to examine them. They were all ready in the boxes and bottles and tins, opened for us. I only remember herrings, sardines, salmon, pears, pineapples, apricots, cherries, chutney, eels, pickles, walnuts, gooseberries, cracknels, wafers, chocolate-biscuits, gingerbread, pear-drops, milk-chocolate, coffee, olives, liquorice, Barkston-rock, sausages, pork-pies, ham-sandwiches, potted-chicken, cucumbers, onions, custard, jellies, mincepies, cheesecakes, jam-tarts, cream-buns, mutton-pies, hardboiled-eggs, marmalade, apples, oranges, bananas, bottled-peas, tripe, asparagus, anchovy-paste, Worcester-sauce, Yorkshire-relish, toasted-wheat-flakes, walnuts, chestnuts, monkey-nuts, brazil-nuts, coconuts, and five sorts of cheese. I tasted each in turn and then, not feeling like walking round again for a bit, drew one of the stone bottles from under a stool, where I had placed it, not to get overturned, hoping that after slaking my throat I should be able to go on. But a slight dizziness overtook me so that I sat on the stool and saw, with wonder, how Nicholson never stopped eating along the tins and bottles, and what fine work the two tramps were doing. The one with no front teeth didn't seem any the worse for that; indeed it made it all the easier for him to shovel stuff into his mouth. There had looked a mountain of food when we started but before we had been at it an hour you would have wondered where a lot of it could have gone. I daresay the weather and the drop of liquor made us sharp set.

All the time we were feeding, Beefbone kept on talking and holding the boy's arm, and giving him titbits to eat, and telling us not to leave as much as a crumb, because everything had to be finished off before we went. This was his Christmas party, he said, and we had to back him up. Never in his life before had he had a lump of cash and he was going to entertain his friends just the same as any rich man. He didn't mean to keep one farthing for himself, or he should have no more luck. It didn't take money to make *him* happy!

I took a chance to ask Beefbone if any girls were coming in, having been upset by that horrible sight on the steam-horses; but Bavin said he had no use for women, only the lad was going to have the one he wanted, later on. At that, Hamish pricked up his ears and ate half a bottle of olives. By this time, a good crowd had got in, and counting up twenty, Beefbone told Mother Gunter to lock her front door. He said a feast must be a feast, and that meant more than enough for everybody, and he'd reckoned on a score of his old pals; and that was that. I didn't know all the newcomers. There was Jack Davey, straight out of hospi-

tal, and Israel Jacks, and Gothrop Elvin, and George Brooks in khaki, but the others were strange to me, though Beefbone knew all, except the strange tramp, that the first tramp, without his teeth, had brought in.

About this time, Beefbone handed a wad of notes to Mother Gunter and told her to help herself to what was owing for the eatables and drinkables, and she sorted them over and gave him back about a dozen. She was a very honest woman and everybody trusted to her. Some said she was really a man in petticoats, and with her black mustaches and side-wiskers and heavy jowl, she did look like one, a bit; but of course wasn't. And then, Beefbone stuffed the rest of the notes into Blind Bill's pocket and said 'There goes Uncle Bellamy, rest his bones!' But how much he'd started with, I never knew, nor did anybody; though it must have been hundreds and hundreds.

We didn't know, then, either, what else was coming. I thought he might as well have passed the rest of the notes around, because they say Blind Bill owns a row of houses in Barkston, but them that has, gets more. I should have had plenty if Squire Killingrew hadn't took it into his head to go to the war, and then that lawyer wouldn't have ruined me just when things were going to improve and that bastard Tyler wouldn't have got my four matched horses and it served the Squire right. He should have stopped at home. He never answered the letter I got the Missis to write.

Blind Bill never as much as said 'thanks' for the notes but kept on playing his fiddle in between eating. I moved my stool close to his to keep him company and he showed me a card, glued to the back of his fiddle, with a lot of rum little dots that he said was a charm to bring good luck. It was given him by someone connected with the blind at Barkston and since he'd had it he'd never looked back. In the days when I could hold my own in the pulpit with Emma Wiles or Owbridge or anybody else, I was very down on charms; but it seemed to me that one wouldn't hurt me now, so I got Bill to let me copy the dots on a piece of paper out of one of the boxes on the table, and put it in my pocket to find out what it meant. He said as Georgy Bell was offered one for his concertina, but wouldn't, and died soon after. I carry it about with me now, always, and here it is. I think it's Hebrew, though it hasn't brought me no great luck, as anybody could notice!

. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

Beefbone was very fond of music, which was why he stuck to Bill, and when he found that young Horder had a lovely voice, he set him on to sing. The boy certainly could sing. We had the 'Lincolnshire Porcher' and 'Mary Of Argyle' and 'She Is Far From The Land' and a lot more that I didn't catch the name of, until Hamish was tired out, and then Bill played again on his fiddle; and when he stopped to drink, Soldier John gave a turn on his concertina. Then they started 'Three Blind Mice' and it turned out that Beefbone was fond of singing parts. He had a bass voice, and when the lad began 'Christians Awake' he did awake and shook the bottles with his bottom notes.

You never saw a man fonder of that sort of thing. I felt it was sacrilege to sing hymns in such a place, especially on Xmas Eve, and wouldn't share in it; even if I don't hold with the Primitives any more, since they treated me so shabbily—though they killed the fatted calf for Pinch Kew; but Beefbone give me a nasty look, knowing I was tenor, and I had to help. You might have thought we were the Waits practising up; but when Mother Gunter tried to put in the alto, deeper than Beefbone, the lad laughed so that we all broke down.

Mother Gunter had laid in a store of logs and the fire was roaring right up the chimney, at which we were all pleased, and made it seem more seasonable. Blind Bill recited a poem about different sorts of trees, of which I only remember the last verse.

'Elm is like the churchyard mould,
Even its very flames are cold,
But Ash dry, or Ash green,
Makes a fire fit for a queen.'

Lots of folks think Bill's not really blind, but I know for a certainty he is, or else he wouldn't have missed the bottle, when I left it against him.

I had a word with the tramp without teeth who said he was out of Barkston Jail, and not caring about the Bly Workhouse, where the matron was a bloody (———) he'd stopped in the Free Library, which was the warmest spot in Bly. He had been past when young Todd broke his neck for a good riddance and said Lufton Rax was sitting so close to the little piece beside him that he never saw where he was going. The girl's mother is going to marry Bill Daily and though she's getting on and is pretty stout, she's not a bad sort of woman and will make any man comfortable. What's more, it will put Widow Jolland's nose out of joint!

I had another try to get a word with the lad at this time, as we'd been there so long, but Nicholson was on the watch, and told me not to make him mad because he was getting into training for a little party at Hordle, next week, and wanted to exercise his muscles. He kept touching me in tender parts, where he could get a good punch, in a way that I very much disliked, so I left him and listened to George Brooks about a talk he'd been having with Mr. Pinion, the artist, who told George he was going to move his lodgings on account of the young woman that keeps them where he is now. He said she would come into his bed-room in the middle of the night without a stitch on and try to get into his bed, and it was as much as he could do to keep her out. But that's a lie, that is: it don't stand to sense! They say he's balmy, and he must be if he thinks anybody would believe a tale like that!

The bottles were pretty well empty by this, and the two tramps were the only ones that wasn't about full to the bung. They kept shuffling round the table and dipping their fingers into a tin to see what was at the bottom, but I think that was more from habit than anything. Mother Gunter had been told to get in enough for a score of hungry chaps to fill themselves as tight as drums; and she had; and we was; and Beefbone looked nigh satisfied.

He wouldn't have no rows and stopped Pell and Fred Barley fighting when they quarrelled about whether anybody had ever beat Tom King or not.

'Tom King' he says, 'wasn't a patch on Fighting Tomlinson, who wasn't ever beat in his life, not only by one man by any (———) lot put together.' He told us how he remembered the day when he wasn't any bigger than young Horder, and not so big, when the Lovells gathered their fighters from five villages and set on Tomlinson outside the Black Goats, and only Rat Jerry and John Joe Goose and Old Tom Bavin, from Fletton, to help him out, and how they fought up and down Waterside all that afternoon till blood was pouring into the Brent; and at the end, Tomlinson got the Lovells by the neck and knocked their skulls together on one another till they were senseless; and how the town constables, seeing it was safe, rushed in and took the rest of the Lovells away.

'Them (———) Lovells kept away from the Waterside nigh on two years, after that.'

'Why did they call him Rat Jerry! asks my lad of Bavin, and Beefbone, passing him a tin of chocolate-biscuits, as he'd kept on one side, for him, told him about Old Jerry Makins as would bite the heads off live rats at half-a-crown a time; and then the tramp said he would, in a minute, if he had his front teeth back, only he'd rather stick to sausages what didn't squeak when they felt you crunching 'em.

Fred Barley was sick, just then, and I joined him, for a bit, after which we both felt lighter, and come back to hear them talking about Makepeace. Fred told us as Naomi Cheetham told him as her brother Isaac saw the old (———) through a window, and these's no doubt he's going to be sent to jail and serves the greedy old josser right; though he's not so bad as Cunnig Jim whose gal won't marry him for fear of catching swine-fever.

I stopped Fred to ask him how that was, and he was just beginning to explain it when Mother Gunter poked her head round the door and said it was gone Ten and we must clear out, because she was a respectable woman and wasn't going to lose her good name whether it was Xmas Eve or any other Eve. But before we went, Beefbone said there was something else, and took the lot of us into the other back room where the chaps mostly slept—only the beds had been moved—and there, on the floor, all mixed up was such a heap of things as you never saw. Beefbone stood by this heap and called us to him, one by one, and packed as many things on to us as we could carry away, taking them just as they chanced to come.

Fred Barley was first and got a roll of dress-material, a silver-mounted pipe, a fishing-rod, a chiming-clock, a gold-bangle, a colored picture of King George, and some other things, and set off as fast as he could pelt. I didn't see what most of the others got because I was trying to speak to Hamish and warn him not to stop the night, but creep away with me as soon as I'd got my share; but he was afraid, and went back to Bavin, who, I heard, telling him they were going to call on an miser to see if he slept in his own bed and then they'd come back to Mother Gunter's, and Daisy Lovell would be there to show him some tricks that would suprise the life of out of him. I was just going to warn him that the girl would probably give him something

he wouldn't like, when my turn came, and Beefbone gave me a silver watch and chain, and bread-knife and board, a motor-coat, a top-hat, half a pound of twist tobacco, a ladies umbrella with a fancy knob, a picture of Barkston cathedral, a box of crackers and a copper kettle; and I was obliged to go.

It was a bit nippy outside, so I put on the motorcoat and traded the fancy umbrella for a pocketful of cigars, with Tommy Pell, because my old missis never uses one. As we started to go, we heard a noise of music coming from the back room and thinking I might be missing something, I went back for a last look, and there was Beefbone with one arm round the lad's shoulder, and a tankard in his hand—that he must have kept out of sight till we'd gone—and the lad was eating chocolate walnuts as hard as he could, and Blind Bill was playing a jig on his fiddle, and Mother Gunter was doing a dance under the mistletoe. I could see there was more liquor stowed away and should have edged back, only, unfortunately, Nicholson came out of the other room where he'd been rolling up all the presents that were left, into a big bundle, and had that on his back, and he forced me out before him and then pulled the door to; and I heard somebody lock it after us.

Bill always had a wary eye and spotted two fellows watching us just along Waterside, by the Bridge. He reckoned they were Special Constables, and not wanting no arguments, we moved along to the other end where it was darker.

They drew away as well and hurried up onto the Bridge, which was as well for them, Bill said, or he was inclined to dot them one apiece.

I told Bill it wasn't at all right to leave the lad to that young girl, when he didn't know anything! If all the vans at the Fairground hadn't been in pitch darkness, I'd have gone round to persuade her to leave the poor lad alone. I did ask Bill if he had a lantern, but he hadn't; and there's always a lot of savage dogs hanging round. All Bill said was as if he was the lad's age he shouldn't miss the chances he had: often and often; and if he was in the lad's boots tonight, he shouldn't waste much time sleeping.

Bill said we should have to walk home together, to Bunkers Hill and that he'd take care of me if I handed over the watch and chain, being as it was Christmas Eve and my cottage a bit hard to find when you were drunk. I told him I wasn't, barring a bit about the legs. My difficulty was not being quite able to see how you got out of Waterside because the end of the passage kept dodging across the Brent; but I dare not offend Bill, so said nothing while he helped himself to the watch; and off we set.

But Bill didn't seem very sure of the way, himself, and the passage kept getting narrower, and once or twice we fell over chaps laying down to rest, with their presents; only you couldn't see what they had, because they was all lying on top of their heaps; and then as we got past the Black Goats, who should come up but Mountain Pickard with his motorfloat, and said he was looking for Fullerton Ash being as it was Xmas Eve and everybody ought to be neighbourly.

He said he'd give us a lift home, and

after he'd got Bill into the float and got me in and got Fullerton out of the Black Goats outhouse where he was as fast asleep as ever but holding tight to his parcel, and started the motor, the old Church clock was striking Eleven, and Bill was singing We Won't Go Home Till Morning and I was trying to sing Christians Awake and the Salvation Army Band was playing Glory To Thee, all out of tune, as if they'd been round to Fenningtons for some more of his home-brew, and it was freezing hard, and the moon was shining, and we had as pleasant a ride as you could wish for on a Xmas Eve.

Crucifixion

By PIERRE LOVING

When you draw back your mare-white hands
Hooding your eyes that glow the ghost-heart of bitumen
Incanted in a thousand magic lands
From mountain bowels, you are but woman.

When you deflower the coral pout
Mayberry-puckered but not yet a kiss,
The soul within me turns and turns about
And peels the body's chrysalis.

Blood streams across the dim whey sky,
Obdurate clouds are split from east to west
And on the cross of twilight I
Am nailed, star-rivets in my breast.

Promise of Summer

By EDWARD SAPIR

Now in the chilly night of May
I am flooded with the babble of frogs.
It is the shrill chorus of priestesses
Wafting from the temple-door of summer,
Singing the rush of quickening green
And intoxicating gold.

The Winter of His Discontent

By JOHN McCLURE

The autumn leaves were hardly falling,
  The winter winds were hardly here,
When Thomas rose in his rebellion
  Demanding springtime all the year.

And Thomas fret in his inglenook
  Through the cold, cold winter night,
Demanding summer, demanding spring,
  Demanding his birthright.

He heard a voice in the bracken calling,
  (*"Gay Thomas! Gay Thomas!"*)
And Thomas thought it was Spring was calling
  (For the autumn leaves and the snow were falling.
    And it was winter here.)

Thomas A-Maying

By JOHN McCLURE

Where is he was staying
  With the King's daughter?
He has gone a-maying
  Over salt water.

Where is he was praying
  With a rabbit lip?
He has gone a-maying
  In a tall ship.

The priest's in the chancel,
  The girl's in the hall—
Farewell King's daughter,
  Farewell all!

Psalms of the Sea

(Land-locked)

By EVERETT BOSTON

Because my mind had wearied me, because my eyes were tired,
I forsook the outward for the clearer inward vision of imagery:
And fools declared me dreaming.
The air became filled with the white remembered bitterness of salt:
Nasal, drawling speech filled and swept from the throats of men:
Cautions and maxims and rough laughter mingled
With the distant thunder of Eternity that roared from the Bay of Fundy
(whose very name on the lips of a lover is as the bellow of a fog horn)
Poverty had the glamour of daring; sorrow the utmost depths of tragedy;
And the children laughed only in pleasant weather.

I slept in my oil-skins in the stern of an open boat,
And the surges of my mother the sea lulled me to slumber;
While the bow worried and tugged at a mile of sagging net.

I raced my boat with the boats of my friends to the boat of the Dealer,
And sold him ten pound Whitefish for ten cents each,
And then boasted because he had not paid me five cents.
Then I went inland to the houses of my kind, already longing anew for the sea,
And the salt of the spray and the swing of the boat and the moan of the wind,
and the peace of the distant beacon that blinked it's old message of maxim,
" *'Ware of the sea. Death is patient. God's will be done.*"

* * * *

I have stood on the breakwater and snarled curses into the teeth of the storm
With my friends, while the women stood in silence, also staring into the storm
For the boat that had not come back.
I have prayed in the white Church on the hill.
And prayer had a new meaning because of the tears that splashed from the hard blue eyes of another,

When a bachelor of forty wept for the rival whose death
Robbed the woman they both loved of all peace.

I have gone to sea in the teeth of a storm,
For the sake of a baby who prattled of Daddy, and a woman who turned
her face away
And brought back a broken oar and a sodden cap——
But dared not tell her.

I have laughed at the sea, loved her and left her.
And all for the sake of profit!
"———tho' he gain all the world and lose his own soul?"
I shall go back to the chance of the sea,
To strong friends and honourable women,
Simplicity, coarse tobacco, and peace.

Old Woman Selling Fruit

By SIDNEY W. WALLACH

Your fingers move in cabalistic signs
Over the jumbled glory on the cart,
Caressing, as the doting scribe his lines,
What breathes a fragrance to your wrinkled heart,—
Incense to please the nostrils of a God.
What is the mobile gladness that you find
Throbbing beneath your touch? Why do you nod,
Happy to find the wares are smooth and kind.

The ponderous obscenity of years
Has never stained your slightness. Days have fled
Blowing a kiss that charms away your tears
To radiating happiness instead.
When everything you prayed for, was denied,
Did stroking apples leave you satisfied?

Economy

By YONE NOGUCHI

How could one who is about my age waste his emotion!
The dissipation of words for me is already a thing of the past;
My Creed of today is nothing but the word "economy."
Laugh at my sobriety, laugh at my cowardice, if you like,
I will gladly accept it as a representative of middle age.
I too, like yourself, had the age of spring,
When my emotion, as if flying petals in the wind,
Scattered itself on the green rugs of grass,
I always ready then to waste anything, however costly it might be.
Never thought about a possible reward for my emotion.
How talkative I was at that time,——
I played the libertine, I was proud of my wealth of words,
And left it freely to everybody's sense of smell,
As if it were a flower's perfume falling on the garden-face.
Very likely such is the case with you today,
And it's natural enough for you as an owner of the age of spring.
If you fear to commit a sin of waste and dissipation,
That means to be a blasphemy toward God who gave you this springtime.
But you should know that in a twinkling
You have to enter the green-leafed age of early summer,
And when grown to my age, you will be thankful for your sins of spring.
Suppose you have no history of dissipation and waste,
How lonely you would be when you were about my age.
I praise, I adore your age of spring,
Because I would like to drink the reminiscence-sweetness of the past.
You must not be afraid, you must not shrink,
Sobriety and cowardice come to you, though unbidden, when you grow to
my age.
You must live perfectly in the age of spring,
If not, you will be sorry for it in after time.
I myself do not fear of dissipation and waste,
But I am already in the age when I cannot stand them. . . .
The seeds in my palm are, alas, running low,——
I carefully drop them one by one,
And hardly daring to move, watch patiently how they begin to bud.

Knighthood

By PENELOPE RUSS

"Guard, and God pardon
Your sins," Knights of old
Sang as they jousted;
Their trappings were gold.

About me tall buildings,
Beneath me steel streets,
But in my heart helmets,
And plumes, and hoof-beats....

Their armor was silver,
The sun caught their shields,
Riding in splendor
Down bannered fields.

Logos

By AMOS NIVEN WILDER

The signature of mind is on the deep
And thought has sunk its seal upon the inane,
And figured fancies made incursion on sleep,
And flashes lightened on the pet domain.
Eternity shall hold the print of dreams;
Their subtle webs and filaments shall lie
Frozen in breathless climates in the seams
Of nature like some lost fern's gossamer die.
Form in the adamantine bastions, form,
Form in the chrystal zone, the triple bronze,
Form out of naught, to outlive with type and norm
Time's crawling insect-hill that slaves and spawns.
The soul is stamped on some Atlantean range
And silence chambers it above all change.

Reviews

ROMAIN ROLLAND; MAHATMA GANDHI, THE MAN WHO BECAME ONE WITH THE UNIVERSIAL BEING.

(The Century Co., New York and London, 1924)

AN Occidental, reading the life of Gandhi or any of his writings, is forced to compare him to Jesus. The ethical and religious beliefs of both are very much akin and there is also a striking similarity in their political aims. It is folly to attempt too close a comparison between two men so widely separated in time and in the judgment of men and Rolland wisely does not attempt to force the issue, yet there is hardly a page in this book that does not carry such an implication. Gandhi's life has been one of suffering, hardship, and ignorant persecution, since the time, when, almost a boy, with a promising career as a lawyer before him, he threw in his lot with the persecuted members of his race in South Africa. For years he defended them from the governmental injustice directed by General Smuts, who has since become the idol of the British Liberals because of his belated denunciation of the Treaty of Versailles. During this time he suffered insult, imprisonment and physical violence while preaching his doctrine of passive non-co-operation. Later he returned to India where he started a similar movement uniting under the flag of non-co-operation the various religions and races of the peninsular against the British Raj. His program is in theory the simplest and yet the most difficult to execute of any political program that has ever been evolved. It is merely the refusal to recognize the British government or even to admit its existence, and to endure any punishment, rather than to submit to it. The corrollaries to this principal are: to refuse to hold office in the government; to pay taxes; to use governmental schools or law-courts or to have any economic or social intercourse with the English. At the same time this program is to be carried out without violence or excitement or demonstrations, in short, without any of the concommitants of a revolution in our Western sense of the word.

It is extremely dubious whether human beings are able to carry out such a program. Certainly, "turning the other cheek" has never been practiced by any considerable number of people, nor has there ever been a great movement of the masses acting not as a mob, but as individuals. And up to the present Gandhi has not met with a great deal of success with the "peaceful" part of the program notwithstanding the fact that the Indian both by training and natural instinct is more suited to such a plan than Westerners would be; and in spite of the fact that small bodies of Gandhi's followers have shown a remarkable ability to live up to these principles. Gandhi, himself, has been greatly disappointed at the lack of restraint of his followers, and, upon the occasion of the Chauri-Chaura massacres perpetrated by them, he thought seriously of abandoning the whole movement.

However we may leave speculations

as to whether Gandhi's efforts will be successful and return to a consideration of the man who evolved this remarkable theory. It is obvious that no Occidental could have put it forth, nor, indeed, anyone whose methods of ratiocination, or whose cultural or historical background has any relation to the Occident. Yet it is directly in accordance with the religious principles professed by nearly all Europeans and Americans. It is impossible, here, to follow along the many interesting lines of thought opened up by these considerations and I mention it because I believe it to be the key to the separation between Eastern and Western modes of thought. The inability of the Western mind to grasp the various implications of such a viewpoint despite the fact that these very implications are the basis upon which the religions of Europe and America are founded, is perhaps the reason for the irritating and often damnable discrepancies between Western thought and Western action. Either we are unable to grasp the real significance of our professions, or we stand convicted of paying only lip-service to them. In any real civilization of the sort that ours pretends to be, Gandhi would be welcome, well-nigh worshipped. However, for the sake of Gandhi's future fame it is well that he was not so received. His greatness lies in his ability to struggle against hopeless odds. He might use as his motton those words of William of Orange, which are quoted by Rolland on the title page of his drama *"Aert."* "Je n'ai pas besoin d'esperer pour entreprendre et de reussir pour perseverer."

This book adds another great biography to Rolland's already long list of great biographies of Michel Angelo, Tolstoi, Beethoven, Handel, Millet, Dupin, and Empedocles. One feels grateful that this Life of Gandhi is given to Westerners by the one Westerner, most capable of understanding and interpreting him. It is unfinished because the life of Gandhi is unfinished, it is somewhat partisan because it deals with contemporary events which cannot be treated without partisanship, it may someday be superseded by a more authoritative biography, but in any case it remains not only the best existing account of Gandhi's life and opinions, but in my opinion the best that could possibly be written at this time.

IRVING GUMBEL.

THE FEET OF SHERWOOD ANDERSON

(*Horses and Men. by Sherwood Anderson. B. W. Huebsch, 1923*)

THE most remarkable thing one may say about Sherwood Anderson is that he is still the pioneer. There is still the wonder, the baffled sensation, the intense hunger to set down impressions, thoughts, confused fragments of life. The eighth volume of this writer and still the intensity is genuine. Unspent. He is still feeling "with these nervous and uncertain hands . . . for the form of things concealed in the darkness."

The present collection of his short stories is neither better nor worse than

the previous collections. It contains his characteristic achievements and failures. It is a confirmation of the unmistakable power of Anderson's talent and another proof that art, like precious ore, may come mixed with a goodly amount of alloy. And, in this case, even the alloy is an interesting specimen.

Perhaps these nine stories should be considered as social document. They are, after all, part of the one great story America is writing today on the pages of its national life. They are varieties of expression of a conscious and subconscious revaluation of values. As a people we are neither sufficiently erudite nor sufficiently sophisticated to approach our task with any manner of confidence. We are timid, and to cover timidity, we are sometimes blatant. We are wistful and sentimental, lyrical and a bit jazzy. We are, in other words, Anderson's heroes and heroines. Searching, brooding, reaching out for something we have missed, and a little bit ashamed of our defection from complacency and normality. Perhaps the difference is that Anderson separates the search from the millions of petty normalities beneath which it is buried, thus making it dramatic, poignant, sometimes even a little hysterical.

Is it merely accident that most of the stories in this book are stories of adolescence? They are a survey of the world from the baffled pessimistically-optimistic eyes of youth. So many of the characters are youngsters just broken loose from the confines of the home and now thrown into a bewildering world. Here we have Bill Appleton, the boy to whom "quite suddenly all the world outside of Bidwell seemed huge and terrible." (The Sad Horn Blowers.) Here we have another boy writing to his aunt about himself as "of a somewhat boyish figure rather puzzled, wandering in a confused way through life." (The Triumph of a Modern.) Here we have May Edgely, the little girl who "did not think anything out clearly," and who "was afraid of everything human." (Unused.) Here we have the boy "who becomes a woman." (The Man Who Became a Woman.) Here we have the boy who discovers beauty but is kept from it by the gulf of his own lies. (I'm a Fool.) Here we have, in one disguise or another, youth, adolescence, waking up, rubbing its eyes, examining its environment, measuring values, passing judgment. Are these stories perhaps an expression of a spiritual adolescence in America?

Anderson's strength lies in his subjectivity. Where he attempts to write objectively, as in "Unused," he is pale, undistinctive, unconvincing. He is not a calm, dispassionate observer and transcriber of surfaces. The first-person story is his logical medium. He is "not claiming to be able to inform you or to do you any good. . ." He is "just trying to make you understand some things about me. . ." The two most poignant stories in the book are "I'm a Fool" and "The Man Who Became a Woman" — both first-person stories. They have the warmth, the impatience of a "my" story, a story that matters, a story that has simmered long in one's subconscious. In all these stories it is the subjective note which supplies the spell of personality, the pulse of intimate life. Little Andersonian passages run through here and there, familiar

characters, fragments of thoughts. We recognize "Beaut" McGregor and his father, of "Marching Men," in the "cracked" miner and his "solemn-faced kid." (Man Who Became a Woman.) Bidwell, Ohio, and a disguised Hugh McVey, of "Poor White" fame, put in an appearance. (An Ohio Pagan.) We recognize Anderson himself everywhere —Anderson who is "forever breaking the thread of his stories with little comments of this kind" (A Chicago Hamlet), "whose mind clings to the life of his boyhood" (The Sad Horn Blowers), who wants "to condense the flesh and the spirit of himself. . . into his poems." (The Man's Story.)

What Dreiser—to whom the book is dedicated—has done for the more objective social novel of America Anderson is doing for the subjective psychological novel and, more especially, short story. "The feet of Theodore," Anderson writes in his tribute to Dreiser, "are making a path, the heavy brutal feet. They are tramping through the wilderness of lies, making a path. Presently the path will be a street, with great arches overhead and delicately carved spires piercing the sky. Along the street will run children, shouting, 'Look at me. See what I and my fellows of the new day have done'—forgetting the heavy feet of Dreiser." Will the children of some new day also forget the gentle, more rythmical feet of Sherwood Anderson—feet wandering through the wilderness of obscure impulse, incomprehensible motive, intangible thought? Feet of a pioneer in the wilderness of the human heart and mind?

N. Bryllion Fagin.

JAMES JOYCE, HIS FIRST FORTY YEARS

(James Joyce, His First Forty Years. By Herbert S. Gorman. B. W. Huebsch, 1924)

UNLESS Joyce surpasses himself (he was born in 1882), he will be chiefly known as the author of "Ulysses." And it is as safe a prophecy as any that, in time, a whole literature will grow up around "Ulysses," just as, already, a whole literature has grown up around the "Divina Commedia," around "Don Quixote," around "The Sonnets," around "Hamlet," around "Faust."

I am not instituting a comparison between "Ulysses" and any of the works I have mentioned. I simply state a belief that "Ulysses" belongs in a category with them, and that critics, to say nothing of other literary workers, will resort to it like ants to a honey-pot.

Aside from a serial and partial appearance in the Little Review, "Ulysses" was first published in 1922. Since when there have been articles about Joyce and about "Ulysses." But so far as I am aware this book of Mr. Gorman's is the first book to be written about Joyce.

It contains a brief account of his life, and a detailed description and appraisal of the five books he has written.

As Mr. Gorman says in his Foreword: "It should be explained immediately that this book is more expositional than critical. Its primary purpose is to furnish an idea of what James Joyce has done in letters with particular emphasis on 'Ulysses.' That astonishing volume is so difficult to procure and yet so widely discussed that there would seem to be a place for

a short study which would outline just what it is and what it attempts to do. And in order to understand the place which 'Ulysses' occupies in contemporary letters one must also understand the steps by which Joyce approached it and, so far as a stranger may intimate, the attitude of mind which brought it into being." Mr. Gorman fulfills his intentions.

Of Joyce, the writer, he admirably observes: "He is concerned with the rare capture and precise revelation of thought at that white moment when it is most itself and burnt clear of all ulterior dross. His craftmanship becomes, in effect, a rigorous application of technical precision and his genius is high enough to formulate and definitely establish a new technique of his own which shall paralyse us by its inevitable logic. Technical considerations should always be subservient to the matter itself and the success of 'Ulysses,' for instance, can only be measured by the degree with which technique and subject-matter have fused in that fine marriage which shall most luminously reveal the author's intention. When such a fine marriage has been indubitably consummated the result is a new style which will be both an inspiration and an extreme danger to other writers."

And in conclusion: "There is a somewhat lurid light about the eminence upon which he stands, and, perhaps, he will always be approached rather gingerly by certain readers suspecting the smell of brimstone. The trenches of conservatism are deep and it is only a minority who lift their heads above it. But that minority will recognize James Joyce for what he is and he can hardly ask for more."

As Mr. Gorman would be the first to admit, his book is in no sense a substitute for a reading of the works it discusses. But his descriptions of Joyce's books should prove an excellent appetizer to those who have not partaken of the dishes. And to those who have, his analyses and appraisals are an efficient aid to digestion.

LOUIS GILMORE.

THE GOLDEN BOOK

(The "Golden Book" Again, The Golden Asse of Lucius Apulius. Golden Cockerel Press. Limited Edition. 1923)

IF I were going to introduce anyone to this book in the most perfect manner, I should require him first to read that polished, erudite and eminently correct review of "The Golden Book" that Pater sandwiches into an early chapter of "Marius the Epicurean."

Because—there would be such joy in discovering for himself that it is, along with everything else that Pater says of it, preposterously, exquisitely funny. It is possible that Pater didn't think it was, being so happy to find it 'full of the archaisms and curious felicities in which that generation (Apuleius') delighted, quaint terms and images picked fresh from the early dramatists, the lifelike phrases of some lost poet preserved by an old Grammarian, racy morsels of the vernacular and studied prettinesses;—all alike, mere playthings for the genuine power and natural eloquence of the erudite artist, unsuppressed by his erudition, which, however, made some people angry, chiefly less well 'got-up' people, and especially those who were untidy from indolence.' Thus Pater.

It occupies itself with the merry tale of an adventurous gentleman, who after divers exploits, dabbles in witchcraft that he may be turned into an owl and follow the wicked sorceress, Pamphile. But his plans miscarry and when the transformation ensues, he perceives that he "was no bird, but a plaine Asse.' After that, his troubles are as many, as gorgeously improbable and as philosophically accepted as Candide's—of whom, by the way, one is reminded constantly as one reads. Like 'Candide'—or 'Gulliver'—one might read the book for the adventures alone, without looking for the sly, malicious humor and mocking irony directed with deadly precision at a motley world.

The first 'ten books' go at top speed, gay and witty and lustily, audaciously facetious; the eleventh and last book slows down into rather an amazing dullness. Whether old Lucius got the fear of God into him at that late date (whether he gleaned an inkling that his joyous farce would 'make some people angry'—in a different sense from Pater's!) and strove to make amends is a question. Perhaps, as Edmund Gosse has assumed of Anatole France, who has the same disappointing trick he grew tired of the subject, but had to finish it somehow. At any rate, the end is tiresome; a long and absurd festival, whereat the Asse is changed back into his human shape and his subsequent initiation into religious orders; fasting according to the custom 'and of my own proper will, I abstained longer than was commanded.'

Set down in the midst of all this (even more irrelevant and alien to the structure and style of the rest of it than the legend of Orpheus and Eurydice is to the Georgics) is the tender and appealing story of Cupid and Psyche, full of 'brilliant, lifelike situations, speciosa locis, and abounding in lovely visible imagery (one seemed to see and handle the golden hair, the fresh flowers, the precious works of art in it!) yet full also of gentle idealism, so that you might take it, if you chose, for an allegory.' Truly does Pater say further —the above is quoted from 'Marius'— that Apuleius concentrated all his finer literary gifts on this narrative and gathered into it the floating star-matter of many a delightful old story.

This impression is a reprint of William Adlington's fine translation from the edition of 1639 and the format alone is a thing to delight any lover of beautiful and enduring books.

HELEN MELTON.

ECCLESIA ANGLICANA

(The Parson's Progress, by Compton Mackenzie. New York. George H. Doran & Co.)

THE thing I like most about Mr. Compton Mackenzie's latest phase as a novelist is the capacity it must contain to annoy most of his former admirers. He is an author who owed much of his original vogue to the exploitation of what was, after all, a rather shallow art on the part of a great number of rather shallow people. So long as universities and undergraduates exist, Mr. Mackenzie, in his original manner, was bound to be widely read and callowly imitated. He was the novelist of the freshman, just as Thackeray, say, is the novelist of the middle-class clubman and Petronius the novelist of the amiable lecher. The effect of his rather too suave and heady, yet intensely immature, way of writing

upon sophomores with literary ambitions was something awful; the transference of Mr. Mackenzie's dreaming spires and mock-sinister underworld, in the New Jersey mind, to the placid landscapes of Princeton University or the provincial Boston slum, was like projecting Beauvais Cathedral upon the side-street of a New England town, peopled with transient turkeys and fluttering with last week's wash. But how all the little Mackenzies of Harvard, Princeton *et tutti quanti* loved their distant and not too dissimilar puppet-master! Before the war he seemed, for some of us, the last word in a certain sort of literary omniscience and mundanity. His elaborately lazy style, the rich and purfled vocabulary, the lush literary emotions, the whole air of cloying unreality in which his earlier books were steeped, completely took in a generation whose four academic years are spent in an environment necessarily unreal. These novels represented a whole literature of escape from life, as we knew it, and we rather vainly attempted to contemplate our surroundings through the misty and roseate glasses of the Mackenzian vocabulary and the Mackenzian temperament.

Another reason for Mr. Mackenzie's popularity is that he who writes novels about religion is always assured of a public in Anglo-Saxon countries. And Mr. Mackenzie's treatment of religion was so erudite, so witty and so novelly coloured. There is a certain type of person who for this reason must have felt wholly at home in Mr. Mackenzie's early *milieu*. It was like coming by accident upon a really superior ritualist church where everything was done with a fine relish of the best Romanism, where the demands made upon the sense of reality, and even the intelligence, were never very exacting. The Michael Fane cycle suggests a Boston Sunday seen through the eyes of an ecclesiastical undergraduate. Something is always happening, but it is always the same sort of thing. At 7 a. m. he communicates at the Cowley Fathers, Bowdin street; at 9 he takes Sunday School in the slums; at II he contemplates High Mass at St. John's Robury for the rich accuracy of its Sarum ceremonial; in the afternoon he has the Boys' Club for tea; and at night, in a study hung with sanctuary lamps and sepia prints of athletic saints after Sodoma, he reads Sinister Street for the forth time.

Then came the war which, in addition to annihilating all of Mr. Mackenzie's characters of whom he himself was evidently getting a little tired, knocked the Alexandrian and ritualistic undergraduate into the trenches where he learned what sensations really are. I don't know what author his successors are reading now, but I doubt if it is the author of "The Altar Steps" and "The Parson's Progress." The strange thing is that these novels are wholly about the Established Church. But I scarcely think they would have pleased the undergraduates of 1913. When the creator of the mellifluous Michael and the exquisite Pauline permits himself to call his rather angular young hero, Mark, the name of a virtuous apprentice, and makes him that most ineffable of British comic types, a dog-collared curate, he can hardly be expected to be forgiven by any right-thinking person.

The first point I might make about this book is that, though in a certain savorous Cockney humor which has never wholly deserted its author, even at his worst, it is as British as a good Punch annual, it is, by the same token, wholly un-American. We don't treat our clergymen like that over here. Our religious novels may be the most abject of cheapstuff (*vide* "The Inside of the Cup") but their heroes are always broad, upstanding, goldenhaired creatures who around Chapter X get involved in the athletic contortions of doubt. A broad-shouldered clergyman twisted by Doubt is really rather funny when you think of it, but it is never regarded as funny in an American novel. There must be a law against making clergymen funny in America.

"The Parson's Progress" contains a gallery of clerical portraits which I am sure that Trollope could not have bettered had he only lived to experience the Anglo-Catholic Movement. Have you never met the Reverend J. Q. B. Moxon-Hughes, founder of the "Moxon-Hughes religion" to revive the insular glories of English medievalism, whose church, decorated by all the most immoral artists in Chelsea, maintains an annual dance of small choirboys on the Feast of the Circumcision, coached by Lady Diana Lee-Metford of "Debrett's and the professional stage." Or the dapper and delightful Father Drogo Mortemer "who belonged to the same school of boxing as Moxon Hughes, except that where Moxon-Hughes feinted at his bishop with an artist, Mortemer floored him with a duke?" Or the ambiguous Father Hugh Dayrell, the pathological expert, who found Havelock Ellis and Freud of such inestimable value in the confessional?

Mr. Mackenzie's last book is all right. Its great humor will save it for the unimaginative people who are bored by its ecclesiasticism, and the long-faced people who are interested exclusively in the ecclesiasticsm will contrive to swallow the humor. What right has anyone, after all, to be bored by something so replete with comedy and pity as the painful rediscovery of Catholicism on the part of the Anglican Church? When the doings of negroes in North Africa are regarded as a promising subject for fiction, no one ought to complain of anything so exotic as the antics of High Church clergymen. Perhaps we ought to add that there is no "sex-interest" in "The Parson's Progress," and, with one kaleidoscopic exception no women. The extremely casual fashion in which the clerical hero devirginates himself in next to the last chapter, an episode which, in the ordinary novel, would have involved at least fifty pages of inky *Sturm und Drang,* is especially meritorious in a religious romance.

This book, together with its predecessor, represent Mr. Mackenzie's "Apologia," his "En Route," his contribution to the novel of ideas. The change in our author is refreshing. No one would care to claim for "Sinister Street," "Sylvia Scarlett" and the rest of that spongy and loquacious brood, that they suffered from a superabundance of ideas. The effect of Mr. Mackenzie's new manner is to give a certain emotion *ascesis* to "The Parson's Progress" which is especially attractive in so emotionally opulent an author. It shows how indispensible is sincerity to the virtuoso. CUTHBERT WRIGHT.

TROBAR CLUS

(Trobar Clus, by Ramon Guthrie. S 4 N Society. 1923)

THIS excellently printed book, first of the S 4 N Society's publications, ought to be a first rate work. I had hoped it would be. An examination of Dr. Guthrie's poems, however, leads me to the following conclusions: Half of the book is so bad (much of it delibrately bad, in a controversial way) that it does not deserve printing unless as a political broadside; the occasional charming strains and passages in the more serious work seem derivative (mostly from Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot).

Dr. Guthrie's attacks on Harold Vinal and other poets are ill-advised because the verse in which he couches his sarcasm is so atrocious that few readers will take the content seriously. There is indeed a lot of wretched verse in "Trobar Clus." It could be overlooked if the author weren't so excessively arrogant about it.

Dr. Guthrie's resentment against Puritanism and "100 per cent" superstition is praiseworthy, but being shared by several millions of the rest of us is not impressive as poetry except in "Lemozi" (one of the best pieces in the book) where he devotes himself sincerely to his art instead of to vituperation.

The good things in "Trobar Clus" are few, aside from some of the translations. As I pointed out, much of the good work seems unconsciously derivative. And yet there are passages that have a resonance which make one feel that Dr. Guthrie, if he would drop gossip and controversy and quit being so damned clever could write fine verse.

As an example of the horrible work in this book the following passages will serve:

> "As for that Jewish agitator,
> Today we wouldn't crucify him.
> God, no! We'd lynch him quick and high
> And never even wait to try him,
> And thereby
> Every howling little pander in the mob,
> Would vindicate
> Himself as an American 100%
> And a prominent predicator would smile
> Depreciating the whole unfortunate
> Incident."
>
> "Ain't it awful? Ain't it?
> Ain't it?
> Yet who really gives a dam?
> Not I:
> I shall be here only some few decades more."

As an example of excellent but apparently reminiscent cadences (not so good as Mr. Pound's, but very like them):

> "Went forth a long time through the world
> Upon the ensnaring of ladies."
>
> "Sweats, and feels his genius growing old,
> plodding thus gravely toward Jerusalem
>
> "Here I am making bawdy songs,
> Yet I have seen Jerusalem."

But here are a few lines which are less derivative and closer perhaps to what Dr. Guthrie ought to be doing:

> "I slept in Lesbos under an olive tree.
> A nightingale sang and the inevitable waves
> Rustled against the rocks.
> But where is the voice of Sappho?
> Where are Helen the White and her lovers?
>
> Glide through the tall flowers, Melitta.
> Your breasts are cool and your shoulders
> Are rounded and white in the moon."

"Melitta" is an excellent poem.

"Lemozi" is good. Some of the translations are exceptionally good. There are pleasing things here and there in the book. But Dr. Guthrie has printed so much wretched stuff here, and printed it so cockily, that one cannot but feel that he has had too much praise already and that it is a solemn duty in this instance to stress the bad ——for the author's good. It looks as if Dr. Guthrie *could* be a good poet but, generally, *won't*. JOHN MCCLURE.

BOOKS RECEIVED

THE WRISTS ON THE DOOR, by Horace Fish. *B. W. Huebsch & Mitchell Kennerley*, 1924.

THE ELEVENTH VIRGIN, by Dorothy Day. *Albert & Chas. Boni*, 1924.

IN OUR TIME, by Ernest Hemingway. *Three Mountains Press*, 1924.

BORN RICH, by Hughes Cornell. *George W. Jacobs & Co.*, 1924.

MEN OF EARTH, by Bernice Brown. *G. P. Putnam's Sons*, 1924.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE, by J. Anker Larsen. *A. A. Knopf*, 1924.

LA DAME DE SAINTE HERMINE, by Grace King. *Macmillan*, 1924.

THE POLITICAL CAREER OF LORD BYRON, by Dora Neill Raymond. *Henry Holt & Co.*, 1924.

THE PEOPLE'S CORPORATION, by King C. Gilette. *Boni & Liveright*, 1924.

ARIEL: THE LIFE OF SHELLEY, by André Maurois. *D. Appleton & Co.*, 1924.

THE SAINT'S THEATRE, by Horace Fish. *B. W. Huebsch & Mitchell Kennerley*, 1924.

AD SOMNUM, by Ed. Viets. *The Four Seas Co.*, 1924.

LEONID ANDREYEV, A CRITICAL STUDY, by Alexander Kaun. *B. W. Huebsch*, 1924.

THE NEW VISION IN THE GERMAN ARTS, by Herman G. Scheffauer. *B. W. Huebsch*, 1924.

PORT OF NEW YORK, by Paul Rosenfeld. *Harcourt Brace*, 1924.

THE GREAT HOUSE IN THE PARK, by The Author of The House on Charles St. *Duffield & Co.*, 1924.

SUNRISE TRUMPETS, by Joseph Auslander. *Harper & Bros.*, 1924.

THE NEW CANDIDE, by John Cournos. *Boni & Liveright*, 1924.

PATRICIA'S AWAKENING, by Harold James Barrett. *Thos. Y. Crowell*, 1924.

JOURNAL OF HIS FIRST VOYAGE TO AMERICA, by Christopher Columbus. *A. & C. Boni*, 1924.

IN THE MIDST OF LIFE, by Ambrose Bierce. *A. &C. Boni*, 1924.

ISRAEL POTTER, by Herman Melville. *A. & C. Boni*, 1924.

A BASKET OF POSIES, by George S. Chappell. *A. & C. Boni*, 1924.

IN HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS. D. D. Brodie. *Torch Press, Bookfellows*, 1924.

THE POT BOILER, by Upton Sinclair. *E. Haldemann-Julius*, 1924.

THE MILLENIUM, Upton Sinclair. *E. Haldemann-Julius*, 1924.

Feibleman's
THE HOUSE OF VALUES

Canal, Cor. Carondelet St. - New Orleans

A pleasant place to shop—intermingling the traditions of the past with the tendencies of the present — and with always the pleasant prospect of saving.

Famous for—

Dress Goods - Linens - Silks and Laces

"My Book and Heart"

By Corra Harris

AN autobiographical record told in charming novel style is "My Book and Heart" by Corra Harris. Her life has been no less interesting than a novel. Philosophical, endowed with hard common sense and possessing the power of perseverance Corra Harris is no less a heroine than one of her brain daughters. You will like this true story told by a Southern woman. Price $3.00.

D. H. HOLMES CO.
LIMITED

For 82 Years—The Best Place to Shop

Maison Blanche
GREATEST STORE SOUTH

Subscribe Now!

To your favorite magazines to fill the leisure summer hours with delightful and valuable reading.

A Vacation Gift of Prolonged Pleasure

To the departing friend, nothing can give more lasting pleasure than a subscription to one or more periodicals, which will be sent promptly and regularly to their summer address.

The M. B. Book Shop carries all popular and wanted magaxines as well as a fascinating selection of new fiction arriving daily — come in and make your selection.

M. B. BOOK SHOP
Street Floor

Monogram Stationery,
Wedding Invitations,
Reception Cards,
Calling Cards.

Party Favors, Tally Cards,
Place Cards, Etc.

Dameron Pierson Co.
LIMITED
Main---400---Camp